

Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR



DECEMBER 1948



EACH ALTAR A BETHLEHEM. In the hush of the South China mountains, Christ is born. In many villages touched by Wuchow's new convert movement there are as yet no chapels; the Infant King descends under the open sky.



China's Street Arabs

Dead End
in the
Perfect City

by Lloyd I. Glass

I FOUND HIM huddled in rags, sleeping against a wall near our mission. When I shook him, he looked up at me in bewilderment — and then drew back as if expecting a blow.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Eleven years."

"Where are your parents?"

"Dead."

"Would you like a place where you could sleep and get something to eat?" He looked at me without replying, waiting for the 'catch.'"

"Come with me," I said. He followed me into the mission. When he saw other boys sleeping on real beds, tears began to form in his eyes. I knew then that we had another citizen for our Boys Town here.

During the past years, we have taken in more than 300 youngsters. When they came to us, they were sick, mangy, bewildered, hungry, ragged, and unwanted. Street Arabs





When the boys come to the mission they are in rags. (Above) Father Keelan poses with some future citizens of Chuansien's new Boys Town.



in the fullest sense, they had been forced to beg and steal if they wished to remain alive.

Father Edwin McCabe began the project in 1947, in an old temple here in Chuansien. He was just getting his home for "warphans" under way when he was recalled for a well-deserved furlough. I took over as director, and Father Wenceslaus Knotek became my assistant.

To enter our Boys Town, a lad must be a bona fide orphan who has no relative to take care of him. Applicants must be between ten and fourteen years of age.

We have hired five teachers to give the boys schooling through the eighth grade, plus an elementary industrial training. All graduates of our Boys



Father Glass



Father Knotek



Father McCabe

Town will receive, in addition, three years of free training in a good industrial school here.

Support of our project comes from friends of the missions. On a few occasions when it seemed as if we should have to close for lack of funds, some "angel" came to our aid. Chennault's pilots, from Shanghai to Peking, send part of their poker winnings. UNRRA friends who have returned to Canada, Australia, and America still

write to ask how we are doing.

In Osage, Iowa, the children of Sacred Heart Parish saved their pennies during last Lent. On Easter Sunday, Father George Stemmler sent me a check for \$100, with a note saying, "Tell your kids that this came from American kids who went without sweets for forty days of Lent, so that their little brothers in China would be able to eat."

The check bought two tons of rice. A real present to Our Lord!

Here are some members of Boys Town in their suits made of UNRRA flour bags





Christmas Beyond the Low Hills

by Francis Keelan

The fierce Yaos live alone and like it

CHRISTMAS AMONG the aboriginal Yao people is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. It was a privilege to make the long journey from the mission center at Yungfu to the Yao Mountains, last Christmas.

Like the American Indians, the Yao people are aborigines. According to anthropologists, when the people now known as the Chinese migrated from the west, they found the country already inhabited by a race not unlike themselves. For thousands of years, the aborigines waged a constant struggle against the ever-encroaching Chinese.

The Yao is a fierce and proud per-

son. Suspicious of all foreigners, Yaos have been known to kill strangers who wandered into their mountains. The Yaos speak their own language, have no written language, intermarry among themselves, and disdain anything Chinese.

They have their own peculiar dress. The women wear clothing made of a rainbow of colors. They ornament their garments with embroidery that takes years to make. For festive occasions, the feminine headdress is a cone-shaped affair, about two feet high.

The Yaos were brought into the Church by French padres, years ago. The bravery of those men who risked

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their lives to take the pearl of great price to the Yaos is a story in itself. Eventually the French turned this region over to Maryknoll, and the Yaos became our own spiritual responsibility.

When I went to visit them for Christmas, I rode a bicycle to a place called Low Hills. There I was joined by a Yao lad who was to serve as guide. Leaving the bicycle, we hurried on foot into the mountains. We did not wish darkness to catch us on the trail; but despite our efforts, night had come before we reached the ridge leading down to the valley of the Yaos. We made the ascent with the aid of a flashlight—and then the batteries petered out, and we were surrounded by blackness.

Suddenly we heard voices. "Probably the women coming back from market," said my guide.

We waited until they came closer. Then I greeted them with "God bless you!"

After greetings were expressed, one woman took a fistful of dried grass and lighted it, to guide our steps. Farther along, we found some dried bamboo, the flame of which made the remainder of the descent easy.

There was a cold rain on Christmas Eve, and it kept up all night and the next day. Paul, a Yao lad who had sprung up since my last visit, took over the job of making the Crib. He had a half dozen half naked young Yaos rushing up and down the valley and climbing the mountain, in search

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.**

of flowers, but all that they could find were a few sprigs of holly for the altar. They brought pine branches to cover the Crib, and one Yao lad contrib-

uted an armful of hay to keep the Holy Family warm.

At eleven o'clock on Christmas Eve, the church bell began pealing. Within a few moments, lights appeared on the mountainside, as the Yaos emerged from their huts with sticks of blazing pine held over their heads as torches. Up the hill to the chapel they trooped, wet and cold. Like the first shepherds, they had come to see the Word that had come to pass. It could have been in a setting like this that the first Christmas was enacted.

All except those who were too young received Holy Communion, and it seemed that they tried to drown out one another with their praying. The grand finale came after the first Mass, when the congregation sang their Christmas hymns. If you want to hear bedlam let loose, come to the Yao mountains next Christmas! The Yaos seem to have voices an octave higher than other people. They yelled so loud that I expected to see the tiles fall off the roof, or the mud walls crumble.

After the prayers and praises were ended, the people went out once more into the night with their "flame throwers." They were to take a few hours of rest before the bell should call them back for the Mass of Christmas morning.

On Christmas Day, the people returned at noon for the recitation of the Rosary, followed by Benediction. The last trip of the day was for Night Prayers. Then a well-spent Christmas was over for the Yaos and for their pastor, too.

Next day there was a wedding in the mountains. Anna was the bride's name, and John was her beau. When I popped the great question, there wasn't much difficulty in getting the boy's reply, but the girl was very shy.

Only after much hesitation, did she timidly look up and say "I do." Then she quickly hung her head as though she had made a mistake.

At sundown, I went to the hut where the celebration was taking place. A goodly crowd of guests had assembled. Two big pigs had been killed, and a third would be done to death if necessary.

I was led to the head table, and given a seat. The grandfather of the groom sat beside me. The old patriarch greeted me by saying,

"My eyes, *Shen Fu*, are dim and going out."

But eyesight didn't make much difference in the room, for there was only one small lamp, hanging from a rafter. Moreover, I couldn't help but notice that, when the wine cups were filled, the old man had no difficulty in reaching for his. I concluded that, though his eyesight was failing, his sense of smell would do justice to a bloodhound.

After the guests had well sampled the food and drink, I left the table and made my way across the brook, up to the mission. There I found the old gatekeeper, sitting beside a couple of burning logs with his tiger kitten—a pet that keeps rats away. The old man was glad to see me because it meant that he no longer needed to guard the mission but could join the merry gathering.

With the sound of flute playing in my ears, I went to bed. On the morrow I would return to Yungfu, my Christmas beyond the Low Hills at an end.



OUR COVER

WHILE the photo story that begins on the next page tells the story of the Indian ladies of Cochabamba, Bolivia, our cover this month was snapped near La Paz, Bolivia, where the styles are slightly different. Here, the well-dressed Aymara woman wears a derby—which is twice as expensive as the hat of her Cochabamba sister. This new look in chapeaux was originated years ago by an enterprising London merchant, who found his shelves crowded with outmoded

Victorian derbies. He sent his surplus stock to Bolivia, where the merchandise became the last word in Indian style. Today, Aymara women scrimp and save to purchase one of these hats. Our mother on the cover is very fortunate: she is able to afford the new look for her youngsters.







Mrs. HAT Goes to TOWN

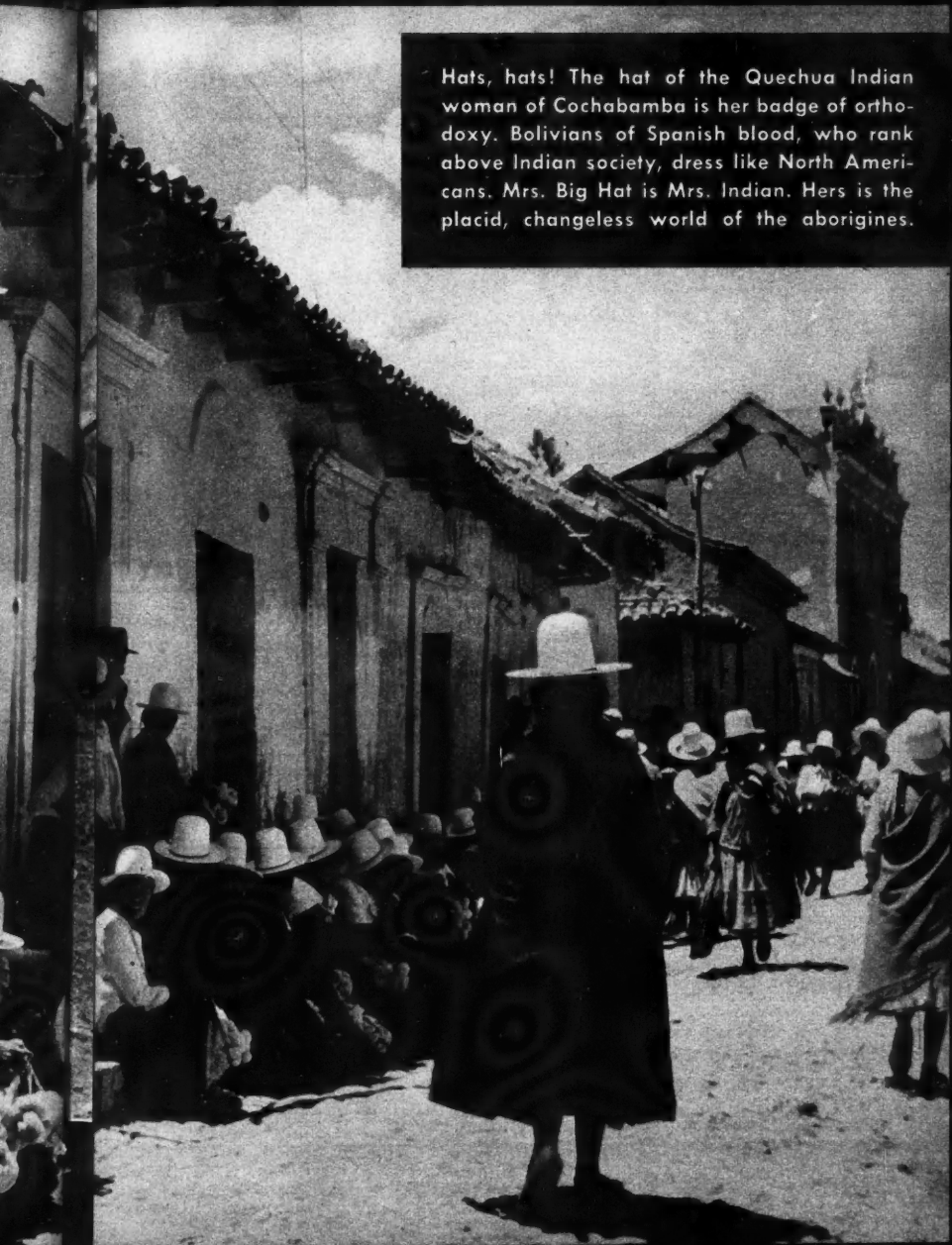
Zenobia reaches into the darkness of her cubbyhole quarters and takes out her hat. In relation to her wealth, her hat is what a Chrysler motor car would mean to, say, a letter carrier in the U.S.A. She probably paid ten dollars gold for it. She saunters into the rich, green valley of Cochabamba and goes to market. Market day is the big event of the week. Zenobia will buy some needed things, and she will meet friends and gather gossip. The market is the club house of the Bolivian Indians.

A PHOTO STORY





Hats, hats! The hat of the Quechua Indian woman of Cochabamba is her badge of orthodoxy. Bolivians of Spanish blood, who rank above Indian society, dress like North Americans. Mrs. Big Hat is Mrs. Indian. Hers is the placid, changeless world of the aborigines.





Unless Mrs. Hat works for well-to-do families, she spends no big sums in the market. Potatoes, bread, rice, and a little meat are her foodstuffs.



Cochabamba's dinky streetcars pick up the ladies at the edge of town. They ride home with all the news and thrills of a day in the metropolis.



This Maryknoll Padre at Cochabamba has city folk as near neighbors, but the majority of his parishioners belong to the family of Mrs. Hat.

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Shortly before he died, in 1936, Bishop James Anthony Walsh, Maryknoll's co-founder and first Superior General, prepared a series of notes for Maryknollers. The Society, founded in 1911, was then twenty-five years old.

"The tree planted a quarter of a century ago has borne fruit," ran his words, "and, if this be so, the principles of its growth are well worth recording as approved by God, from whom all authority comes and who directs all things."

Bishop Walsh goes on to say: "The traditions of Maryknoll should be noted and guarded. Progress will call for changes, but these should not be made lightly, and if made, always from the high motive of a bettered apostolate. Human nature never changes." It might seem a bit forced to emphasize the traditions of a society only twenty-five years old, when one is surrounded by other organizations hoary with age. Bishop Walsh knew, however, that it is precisely in the early years that the most important traditions are established.

"**'Seek first** the kingdom of God.' This maxim is one of our foundation stones. Our privileged task is to find Christ enthroned in our own hearts and then make Him known to others. Our search within, and our

efforts without, will be successful in the measure of our motive. We are to seek Christ for our souls' life and for the souls of our fellow men. The task is not easy."

How true this is! As the years pass, one realizes that, when conscience gives us a jolt during our periods of reminiscence, it frequently concerns these two points: impurity of motives, or duties done badly or omitted entirely.

Bishop Walsh was a keen student of human nature. "Physical suffering or loss of relatives or dear friends," he noted, "will naturally upset the average man, apostle though he be; but when 'loss of face,' ingratitude, lack of appreciation by superiors or inferiors, sadden us excessively, we may be convinced that something is wrong with ourselves—usually pride, or jealousy, or self-pity, sins that are extremely common though rarely admitted."

There is no doubt that the Holy Spirit's influence is evident in the lives of the founders of religious communities. We feel that the above words, though written for Maryknollers, may be of help to all—an idea for a New Year's resolution.



Prayer FOR ONE SHEPHERD



The choir at Maryknoll Junior Seminary, Lakewood, N. J., is singing the Nativity carols. They are glad carols, for they bespeak a great event. No feast is more distinctly missionary than Christmas. The Son of God, for men of every land and race and color, for ALL men, became the Child of Bethlehem.

But in the hymns of Christmas is likewise a note of pathos: Christ, although He came to Bethlehem, is not yet in men's hearts. For millions, the prophecies of the Messiah still apply only to the future. "I shall set up one shepherd and he shall lead them."

AFRICAN QUESTION:



by Albert E. Good

Just What Are Sisters?

JOANNES ODAP, whose family lives near the mission, is a dark-skinned boy, no bigger than a minute. He came up to me the other day and asked, "Padre, are Sisters people of the female sex or of the male sex?"

When he received his answer, he pondered a bit, then gravely bowed. "Thank you," he said. "That is all I wish to know."

The fact that Maryknoll Sisters are coming to Kowak is the topic of the hour. We missionaries are just as excited as our people, because to us it means that the Kowak mission has come of age. Nearly half of Kowak's 5,500 Christians are of

the gentler sex, so we realize that this mission needs the magic touch of Sisters if it is to make progress with women converts.

Everybody at Kowak has taken a big interest in the convent, which is now being built. It will be a moderately sized building, equipped with chapel, dining room, dormitory, and a special addition of two cisterns to catch rain water.

A week ago, Omuga, a pagan, stood in front of the building.

"Big One," he said to me, "how many Sisters are coming?"

"Four."

"Four?"

"Yes, four."

Omuga took his leave of me; but as he crossed the yard, I heard him exclaim to a friend: "These white people! A building big enough for a hundred, they build for four!"

Omuga was measuring the building by native standards, according to which living space is figured by the foot—one foot equals one person.

The coming of the Sisters means one thing above all else to these

Africans; that is, the establishment of a hospital. The need is great. It is heartbreaking to see so many children die before they can walk. The Health Department at Dar-es-Salaam says that the natives have a 70% infant mortality. We baptize hundreds of infants, but not many of them see their First Communion Day. Adult natives have their troubles, too. The leading diseases in this region include malaria, leprosy, sleeping sickness, snake bites, tick bites—and bites from their enemies of the Usimbiti tribe. The latter folk file their teeth to sharp points to enhance their biting power. I have seen many of our natives come in with infections that turned my stomach, and upon investigation, I have learned that a Usimbiti had bitten the afflicted one.

Another pressing need here is for a girls' school. Our Africans are not as excited over this idea as they are over the hospital, but time will remedy their attitude. The best Catholics will send their girls to school to humor us. When other families see what effect the

Sisters have upon the girls, they will get in line, too. Then the real Catholic orientation of the land will begin, dispelling ignorance and superstition, and giving to women here the high position that has been theirs through the ages of the Church.

GIVE and SAVE

Every gift to Maryknoll may be deducted from your income tax according to federal law, provided your total gifts to charity are not more than 15 per cent of your yearly income.

Here now, women are like slaves. A wife is bought for the price of a few cows, and she labors mechan-

cally to serve her lord and master. We expect that the Sisters will help us to change that situation. We feel that it is so important that we are building the girls' school before we start the hospital.

When the Sisters arrive, we shall have a surprise in store for them. We will present them with the makings of a native Sisterhood! The idea germinated when two of our girls, who had gone to Sumwe to join the White Sisters were obliged to return home because of poor health. They still wished to be Sisters, and they feared that their families would sell them into marriage. So we gave them a house to live in, and named it the "Postulants' House."

Six more girls soon joined their ranks. Three have now withdrawn: Mbita found obedience too difficult; Ojode became homesick; and Kinesi was sold into marriage by her family, and finally consented to the arrangement. But we still have five postulants waiting to greet our coming Sisters.

Yes, Kowak is growing up and needs the Sisters' touch! God speed them on!



Fr. Hughes



Fr. Markham



Fr. Donovan

Three Deaths

Father J. Russell Hughes. After a long illness, partly attributable to wartime internment in a Philippine Island concentration camp, Father J. Russell Hughes died in Boston, at the age of 42. A native of the Bronx, a graduate of Fordham, Father Hughes was a former superior in the Philippines. He was moderator and chaplain at St. Rita's Hall. He played a large role in the preparations for the Manila Eucharistic Congress, in 1937. Prominent in youth activities, Father Hughes founded the Crusaders for Social Justice; and he was awarded the Silver Carabao, highest Boy Scout honor, for work in behalf of the Filipino Boy Scouts. In internment, he acted as chaplain for the Maryknoll Sisters.

Father Reginald M. Markham. While with two other Maryknollers on vacation, Father Markham suffered a fatal heart attack in Yosemite National Park. He was 43 years old. Born in Rockford, Illinois, he graduated from Columbia College, Dubuque, Iowa, before entering Maryknoll. A fellow classmate at Colum-

bia, and a lifetime friend, was Don Ameche, the actor. After ordination, Father Markham labored in the Maryknoll mission in Korea until ill health forced him home. He was pastor of the San Juan Bautista Mission, and later rector of the Maryknoll Junior Seminary, in California. He was buried at the Junior Seminary, in Mountain View.

Father Thomas R. Donovan. A native of McKeesport, Pa., Father Donovan was born in 1897. He was a brother of Father Gerard A. Donovan, who was murdered by bandits in Manchuria in 1938, and of Father Joseph S. Donovan, another Maryknoll missionary. Father Thomas served as a missionary in the Diocese of Kaying, South China. He was recalled from China for reasons of health, and was assigned to administrative work. He served as procurator for the Maryknoll colleges at Clarks Summit, Pa., and Lakewood, N. J. Father Donovan was on his way to St. Louis to take over duties there, when he was killed, near Cambridge, Ohio, when his car skidded on a wet road and crashed into a bus.

A PHOTO STORY

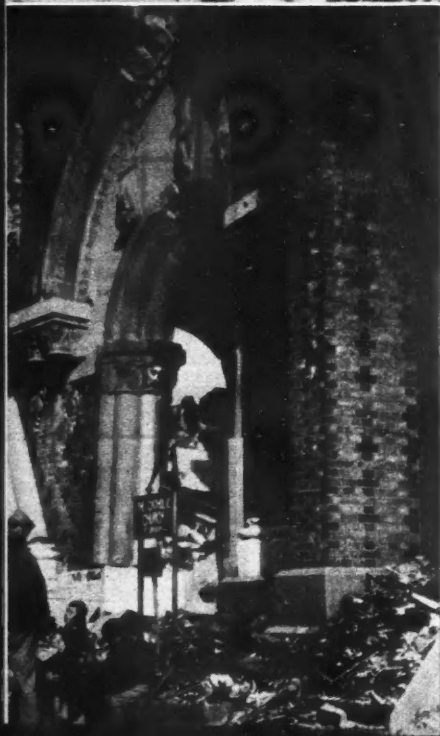
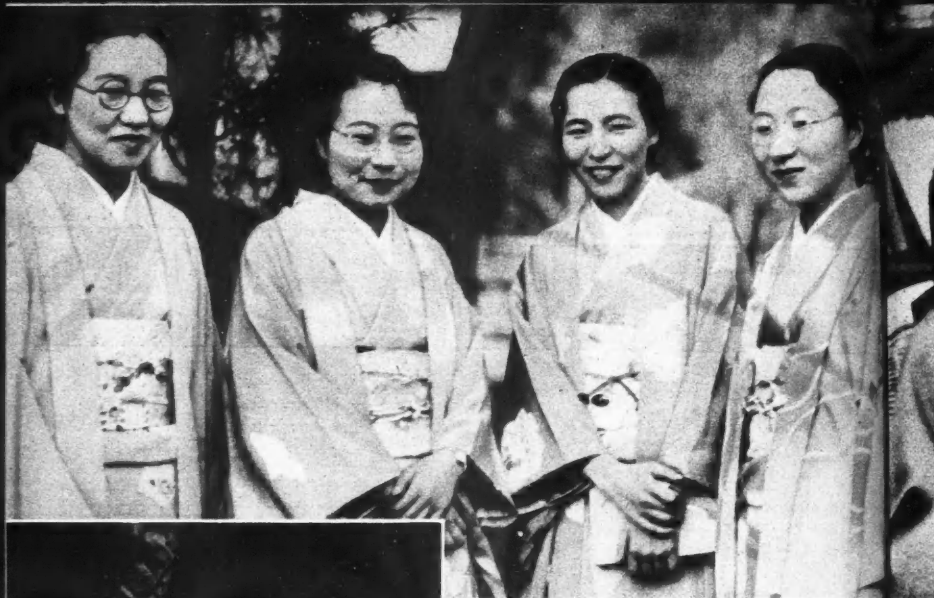
Many Japanese Take The Step!



TODAY, AS NEVER BEFORE, Japanese men and women are conscious of the tremendous scope and influence of the Catholic Church. But even more important, many Japanese have come to realize that the Church offers them the only sane and true way of life. Emerging from the shadow of Buddhism, freed from the enforced myth of

emperor worship, thousands of spiritually questioning Japanese are finding the answer. In some areas, there are so many prospective converts that there are not sufficient priests to instruct all. Attending Mass and partaking in the spiritual life of the Church, these Japanese are referred to by one writer as "the great, unbaptized Christianity."





WHEN THE ATOMIC BOMB fell on Nagasaki and Hiroshima, almost half the Church in Japan was eliminated in one fell blow. Yet, out of the ruins of these churches (*left*), a new and vigorous Christianity is arising. The kimono-clad women (*above*) are typical of the new Christians. Reports from the field tell of Buddhist monks who are undergoing instruction preparatory to baptism. A simple explanation for this Catholic blossoming is impossible. The Church's charity has impressed the Japanese; Shintoism has lost the support of the state; Buddhism was too closely allied with the military. Catholicism offers the only strong bulwark against the spread of communism.



Children who once learned only the myths of the sun god, now are learning the true story of the Son of God, from missionaries such as this Maryknoller.



WHENEVER a Catholic priest is listed to address a gathering, large crowds turn out, showing considerable interest in the social teachings of the encyclicals. Meeting-hall sessions last far into the night, with the audience reluctant to leave when the question period ends. In the Kyoto area, Maryknollers are working under Bishop Paul Furuya (*right*), an energetic Japanese. With Bishop Furuya is Monsignor Patrick J. Byrne, former Maryknoll Superior in Kyoto, and now the Holy Father's personal representative in Seoul to the new Korean Republic.

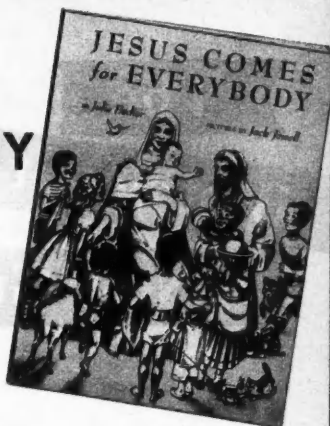


JESUS COMES for EVERYBODY

Here is a new look at God, how He made His world, why and how Jesus was born, how He spent His boyhood, how He came not for any single people or race, but for the sons and daughters of all mankind. The author, Julie Bedier, is Sr. M. Juliana of Maryknoll, well known for her children's books. Jack Jewell's pictures possess humor and charm.

For ages 8 to 11 A Garden City publication

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The Best Scout in New Guinea

by Frank J. Canney

A **PIERCING** scream sounded in the stormy night. My first thought was that the Japanese had attacked. Then I remembered the typhoon. Violent winds, and not the enemy, were to blame for the ruined tent. I pushed off the wet canvas and groped about in the darkness.

A soldier flashed a light and asked, "You okay?"

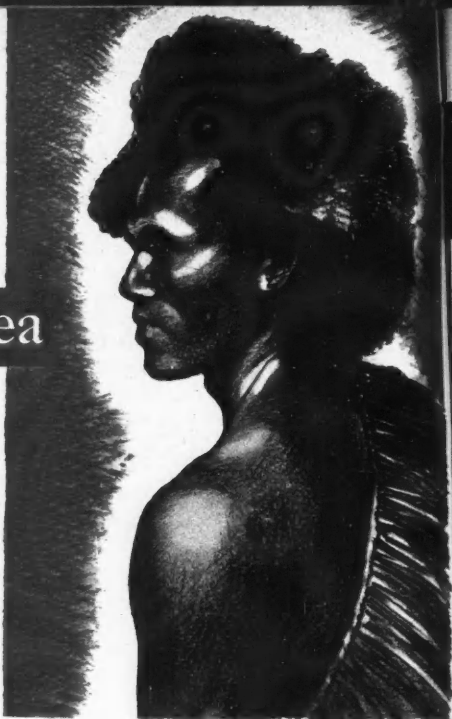
"I—I guess so," I stammered.

The soldier explained that the typhoon had blown down a huge palm tree. The trunk had fallen across the tent, pinning one of the men.

"Why, it's Andrew!" somebody gasped.

Andrew was a New Guinea native youth who only that day had become a new member of our unit. He had come to act as an interpreter, his duty being to explain the words of the Fuzzy-wuzzy (native) scouts and the Japanese prisoners to the officers.

By the flashlight beam, we could see the huge trunk of the palm tree pinning down Andrew's legs. He gazed up piteously, but nothing



except an occasional moan escaped his lips. Everybody tugged at the tree trunk, but it would not move.

Then finally the native lad spoke. "Black Robe? Where is Black Robe?" He was calling for a priest.

Our chaplain, Father Malloy, arrived in a few minutes. He knelt in the driving rain and ministered to Andrew, who was then drowsy from the hypo given him by a medic. We took up our shovels and started digging under the helpless native. In half an hour Andrew was free, and four men gently carried him into one of the few tents still standing.

Father Malloy stayed beside the sleeping Andrew for the rest of

the night. Early in the morning, the injured boy opened his eyes. He stared at the officer seated by his cot.

"This is Father Malloy, the chaplain," I explained.

Andrew continued to stare. "Him not Black Robe," he said weakly. It was plain that the youngster did not believe the chaplain clad in Army uniform was a priest.

Soon after daybreak, an ambulance carried Andrew to the field hospital. There he was put to bed with a broken leg—and six weeks passed before he was able to get up from the hospital cot. Even then he could move about only with the help of crutches.

Late one October afternoon, I was paying a visit to Andrew in the hospital tent. We spoke of various things. Then with a snap of his fingers, the native boy announced that he must hurry or he would be too late to attend 6:30 Mass.

"But there is no Black Robe here," I pointed out, grinning.

Just then in strolled Father Malloy. Andrew nodded toward the priest. "Him Black Robe!" he said.

Smiling, the chaplain sat on a near-by cot. "Andrew would not believe that I was a priest until he actually saw me celebrating Holy Mass. Even now"—here Father's eyes twinkled—"he does not quite approve of a priest going without a cassock!"

The healing of a broken bone is a slow process. And it became slower in Andrew's case when the

captain of native scouts crushed his spirit with the news that, because of his injury, it would be impossible for the boy to become a scout. It was a severe blow.

Your birthday gift to the Christ Child this year could be an offering to educate a young man for the Maryknoll priesthood.

From that point on, when I saw Andrew, he seldom spoke and there was sadness in his dark eyes. Each day I tried to cheer

him up, but it was of no avail. "Never will I be scout!" he told me once. "I drive this from brain."

At six o'clock on a certain evening, a little group stood by the hospital and watched Andrew hobble along the narrow path to the chapel. One of the observers was the captain of native scouts. The captain's eyes never left the youth until Andrew entered the chapel.

On the next Sunday, Andrew received Holy Communion. After he returned to the hospital, he was greeted by two officers. One was the captain of native scouts.

The captain looked the boy over carefully. "They tell me you wish to join the native scouts," he said. "From now on, you are a member of the New Guinea Scouts!"

Andrew was so overcome with joy that he just stared. Then he laughed—until suddenly he remembered his injured leg.

The officer noticed this. "Any man who can go to Mass every day with a leg that is only partly healed," he asserted, "will make a first-class scout!"

It was not long before Andrew became known as the best native scout in all of Dutch New Guinea.



XAVIER REVEALS the UNKNOWN GOD

As Saint Paul revealed
Christ to the Japanese
Japanese were won



ed the cold, set visages of the Athenians, so Saint Francis Xavier announced
e Japanese. A few choice souls were touched by grace, and eventually a million
w won. But then came persecution. Now a new era dawns for Christian ideals.

Christmas Through Mary

Second Eve

A drab world has been beautified with the praise of the Mother of Christ, and all generations have called her blessed (*Luke 1:48*); but only heaven can record the fullness of humanity's debt to the second mother of all the living. It is useful to understand her essential role, however, as well as to marvel at her unique prerogatives of grace and perfection; for grateful sentiment is a good thing, but basic gratitude is perhaps a better. She is, after Christ, the greatest of all mankind's benefactors.

She became so when she brought Christ into the world, and that alone gives her the title; yet that blessed fact was not the end of her role, but rather the beginning. She was to continue the role by divine decree because of the boundless charity in her immaculate heart, which would forever express itself in seconding the work of the Redemption. So she has gone through the ages with God's gifts in her maternal hands, aiding the whole human race to find and hold fast the salvation that cost the total sacrifice of her Son. Because He saved all, she became Mother to all.

"Mary . . . keeps within her motherly heart all men committed to her protection on Calvary, (and) cherishes and loves not only those whose fortune it is to enjoy the fruits of the Redemption, but all those others, likewise, who do not yet know that they have been redeemed by Jesus Christ" (*Pope Pius XI*).

His Other Sheep

How the Mother of God fulfills her role in the household of the Faith, is known and experienced from the cradle to the grave by every Catholic. How she exercises a similar maternal solicitude over those without the fold, is perhaps best known to the missionaries who work among non-Catholics. She supports and encourages the missionaries in all their hard campaigns for the cause of Christ, so that they soon learn to rely on her unfailing aid and to attempt nothing without her.

She helps them to attract the people: sometimes directly, as she appears to have done at Tepeyac in Mexico and at Tung Lo in China; but more often in the still, calm radiation of a holy influence that seems to speak to native hearts with the accents of a mother. The Chinese converts make her their best friend

immediately; the Japanese and Koreans are devoted to her; and the Africans strive to become her good children as fast as they can. As for the Catholics of India, they cannot be outdistanced by anybody in the world in the love and veneration they lavish on the Mother of the Lord.

Meanwhile, she smiles on all of them, tends their groping steps, aids them in their little struggles, and leads them surely to God. If she did nothing else but elevate their womankind — which she cannot fail to do where she is known and honored — she would be their truest apostle and their greatest benefactor, by virtue of that alone. She knows the needs of humanity and the way it must take to rise to a new life of grace and virtue, of dignity and honor. The Mother of the Good Shepherd is a missionary herself, in her care for His other sheep.

Bethlehem

Christmas came to us through Mary, the gateway by which God condescended to unite Himself to our human nature. Bethlehem was the beginning of all good things for the human race, and the world has become a different place wherever men have opened their hearts to the Son and the Mother. Yet Christmas is still largely unknown in many lands where missionaries are slowly and painfully penetrating with the message of Christ. And

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

Christmas is unhonored in other lands where communism is making the lot of man even worse than it was before the coming of Christ.

There are mountainous labors to be performed, and oceans of prayers to be said, before Christmas can come everywhere in its fullness. Both the labors and the prayers can well be placed in the hands and under the protection of Mary. There is nobody so ready to aid us in every good effort to make the world better. There is nobody more desirous of bringing Christ to all the world than is His Mother.

Turning Communists Into Catholics

Talca's Workingmen Find a Friend

by Dominic J. Morrisette

**A problem in mechanics is discussed
by the author and two young men of
Talca's busy workingmen's school**

SEVERAL YEARS AGO a Chilean priest was walking down one of the main streets of Talca. As he rounded a corner, he collided with a workingman. The workingman glared at the priest and then, without any warning, spit in the cleric's face.

"Dirty, money-grabbing priest!" the man said. "You should be in a cage."

Today that man is one of the Church's staunchest supporters here in Talca. The change that has taken



place in him and many of his fellow Communists is largely the fruit of the energetic activity of the prelate of Talca, Bishop Manuel Larrain; and Maryknoll's Father James Manning. Jointly the two planned and founded Talca's bustling Institute of Leo XIII, as a social work to help the poorer classes, which have for years been the victims of social injustice.

Specifically, the Institute is designed to prepare the Chilean worker to meet the problems of daily life. It helps the worker to better his economic condition, so that he can more easily adapt his life to the teachings of Christ.

Each year some 150 young men of the working class graduate from the Institute, after they have undergone intensive night-school training in mechanics, radio, electricity, carpentry, mathematics, Spanish, and religion. Eleven professors (some paid and a few volunteers) direct this program.

Physically, the Institute occupies a former monastery, that was partially destroyed by an earthquake. It has three large classrooms (four, with the use of the library). It has a carpentry shop, radio laboratory, auto mechanics assembly room, sewing hall, and kitchen. In the recreation section, our students have

an Olympic-size basketball court; a regulation boxing ring; a fully equipped game hall (radio, ping pong, and so forth); and a canteen. There is, also, a motion-picture theater completely equipped. In short, our Institute has the best facilities in Talca.

However, our efforts are not confined to working-men only. The school is open four afternoons a week for girls and young mothers. They study sewing, writing, Spanish, home economics, and religion. On two other afternoons each week, the compound is opened to children. Little girls learn to knit, embroider, and make designs. Small boys make toys. All are taught religion. Daily we serve a light lunch to almost 300 children. On Sunday afternoons, our theater runs a double feature for the youngsters.

In the short time that the Institute has been functioning, it has grown tremendously. Ninety-five per cent of our students were Communists or Communist sympathizers when they came to us. But so far, all who completed the course had become good Catholics while here. They learned that the Church is really interested in them, and one result of this knowledge is that the class bitterness and hatred arising from ignorance are eliminated.

Candidates for Maryknoll should make early application for admission. For booklets on the priesthood or the brotherhood or for information write: the Vocation Director, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

BRIGHT BOY! In Pingnam, China, the other morning Father Richard Merston, of Denver, Colo., watched with fascination as his houseboy, Everlasting Day, sat on a chair and swished water and sand around with his bare feet in Father's washbasin. "What are you doing?" asked the inquisitive missionary. "Cleaning your face basin, of course," came the laconic reply.

The Maryknoll Roundup

Three Wise Men. Christmas in a mission of Kaying, China, is related by Father Louis H. Hater, of Cincinnati, Ohio. "We could not have a Crib," Father Louis wrote, "because the Christ Child, the Shepherds and the three Wise Men were missing items. Just before Midnight Mass, Bishop Ford came for a visit. That made everything perfect, as I realized during the Mass. Was not the tabernacle the manger, where the Christ Child reposed? Did not our Christians take the place of the Shepherds? Were not the Bishop, his deacon and subdeacon, at the Mass like the three Wise Men from afar? This was our Christmas Crib."



Father Hater

representation of the scene that took place at Bethlehem almost 2,000 years ago. For a half hour, the carols continued, in two-part music, while Shepherds and Wise Men presented gifts to the Child. Then the carolers led the people into church to attend Midnight Mass. Our Christmas novelty was a great success."

Record Collection. "Kowak on Christmas Eve resembles Times Square at New Year's," writes Father Albert E. Good, of Cambridge, Mass., from his post in Kowak, Africa. "We figure that about 1,000 Catholics attended Midnight Mass. Outside there were almost as many pagans who were forbidden entrance. The people stayed all night, sleeping where they could. It was not until after the eleven o'clock Mass on Christmas Day that we noticed the crowd thinning. We estimate total attendance of Catholics at the Masses as 3,000. The record crowds gave us a record collection — 68 shillings, about \$16 U.S.A.! The Christmas Crib was a center of attention. It was a simple thing, made of paper and decorated with crayons, but the natives loved it. We are hoping that some newly assigned missionary will bring all the items for a good Crib — a large one! — with him for next Christmas."



Father Good

Christmas Novelty. "About half-past ten on Christmas Eve we went to check up on our small carolers,"



Father McCabe

writes Father John J. McCabe, of Everett, Mass., from Cobija, Bolivia. "The girls were clad as angels; the boys wore red cassocks. At eleven o'clock we began the procession to the plaza, singing carols as we walked. On our arrival, a kiosk in the plaza was lighted, and before the eyes of the people appeared a



What to Give for Christmas

IF YOU have a friend who is interested in travel, why not give him or her a year's subscription to Maryknoll, The Field Afar? Our magazine is filled with stories and pictures of far-off, exotic lands.

If your friend is adventurous, Maryknoll, The Field Afar is for him. Its pages pulse with stories of danger and hardihood on three continents. There is hazard in the front lines of the Faith.

If your friend is a Catholic, he will rejoice in reading about the great work our Church is doing to spread God's word today. If he is not a Catholic, he will be glad to know what American young men are doing to win friends abroad for our way of life.

Maryknoll, The Field Afar is a gift in the spirit of Christmas. Your money serves twice: it gives the magazine to your friend, and the Gospel to the world. The subscription price is \$1 a year, or \$5 for six years.

A card, bearing your name as donor, will be mailed to each name on your list, to announce that Maryknoll, The Field Afar will be sent as your gift.

Fill in the blank below. If it has not enough space, write extra names on a separate sheet and pin it to the blank.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

Enclosed find \$-----, for which send Maryknoll, The Field Afar for one year to each of the following:

Name-----

Street-----

City----- Zone----- State-----

Name-----

Street-----

City----- Zone----- State-----

Sent by: My Name-----

Street-----

City----- Zone----- State-----

C

IRILO —
Cy, for short
—is our sacristan in

Vinces. You would be wrong to think that he is just another sacristan. A ring with twenty-five keys, constantly hanging from Cy's belt, gives evidence of his many responsibilities and makes him indispensable. Even with the keys, the Padre would be helpless, because it would take him an hour to find the right one. To get into the church, the Padre needs Cy to unlock the front doors. And once in church, it takes six keys to vest the Padre for Mass. All these keys Cy chooses with unfailing accuracy.

One of our sacristan's outstanding characteristics is his unpredictability. On a recent Sunday, when the Padre was in the pulpit delivering one of his best, he was suddenly checked by a low snickering from the people. He put on his severest look of reproach, and boldly started anew on his sermon — then choked on the first word. There before him, walking down the aisle, was a stately Cy, vested in a bright green cassock trimmed with gold fringe.

During Mass on another morning, when the Padre moved from the center of the altar to take wine and water at the Epistle side, he was



by Hugo M. Gerbermann

utterly distracted by the sight of his sacristan. Cy was wearing heavy, tortoise-shell glasses, and twisting his eyes to look around the price tags that were glued on the lenses!

Cy's position as sacristan puts him above the ordinary run of parishioners. One evening the Padre noticed that carpenters had left a few boards outside the church.

"Cirilo," he said, "those boards might not be there tomorrow morning! Better put them inside."

"You are right, Padre," rejoined Cy. "I'll hire a peon to put them inside." So the Padre proceeded to carry them in, while Cy looked on with sour disapproval.

Yesterday the Padre lost his patience with Cy. While the priest was in the pulpit, leading the congregation at Night Prayers, a big gray cat came me-ow-ing lustily down the middle aisle. Immediately Cy appeared on the scene to give chase.

Suddenly a mean-looking bulldog appeared from nowhere. The cat scooted for the door, while Cy sought safety behind the main altar. When all was restored to normal, the bulldog proudly leaped on a pew and slept peacefully through the rest of Night Prayers.

CY, THE SACRISTAN



Hoingan orphans, thanks to Father Lavin, make very good brides. They are desired because they've been to school, are well trained.

Father Hong Paints A Picture

by Anthony Hong



Tears for Luk Shan Fu

MY PASTOR, Father Joseph P. Lavin, mistook me for one of the relief workers, and I mistook him for an overseas Chinese, when first we met. After I was with him as his curate nine months, I decided that mine was not completely a mistake. Father Lavin had the mind and heart of an overseas Chinese; he was busy day and night for his orphans, just as an

overseas Chinese works ceaselessly for his family of children.

He wore a pathway from the orphanage to the UNRRA office, begging food for the famished of the mission and the whole countryside. Everything he did, everything he talked about, every aspect of his interest, had to do with the orphans and the people of Hoingan.

For a long time, Luk *Shan Fu*, as Father Lavin is known among us, had thought of returning home to visit his old parents and all the Lavin clan once again; but he would never consent to go while the problem of feeding the Hoingan youngsters remained. At last UNRRA concluded its term of service, and the famine was over, at least for a while. Then it



Father Hong explains that the married "graduates" of the Hoingan orphanage come back frequently to show off proudly their fat, well-cared-for sons.

was that our pastor took his leave. I shall never forget the touching scene, when the little ones sobbed so woefully at his departure that they brought tears to the eyes of this great, strong priest.

Father Lavin had been pastor of Hoingan long enough to know the people and the customs, inside out. When there was an epidemic, he went into every neighboring village and gave injections. In the long periods of distress, when he got rice from overseas Chinese or from UNRRA, he went personally into



each village to supervise its distribution to the poor.

How the people respect him! I recall an occasion when he and I returned from a village, and both of us were half dead from thirst. We stopped at a house, but it was barred for the night. I shouted and knocked, but there was no answer.

Finally Father Lavin called out, "Mr. Choi, it is Luk *Shan Fu*." Immediately the householder jumped from his bed and opened the door.

Luk *Shan Fu*'s cassock was Chinese, his clothes were Chinese, his tobacco was Chinese. Much as he liked Lucky Strikes and Camels, his usual smoking fare was our strongest local tobacco, which sometimes he rolled into cigarettes and sometimes used to fill his big pipe.

Among the bicycle riders, Father Lavin was known as the fastest and best; among the walkers, he was known as the strongest and most enduring. Once when the Japanese drove him away from his orphans, he came secretly on foot to see them, and on that occasion he walked continuously for more than twenty-four hours. I do not exaggerate in my praise; I repeat to you only what the Chinese say.

God has blessed Father Lavin's orphans in a special way. In the early years, there was a prejudice against the girls as desirable wives. Father Lavin trained them well, and gave the more intelligent an education. Today the orphan girls are greatly sought after, and many of the older ones have been happily married and are proud mothers of bouncing boys.

A Plea to the Prince



A score of centuries, O Prince
Of Peace, has lapsed since,
Within Thy virgin Mother's womb,
Thou sought 'midst men to come.

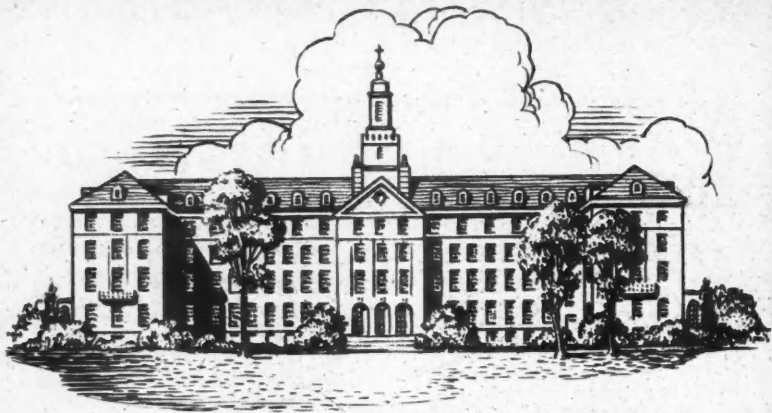
The rich, the strong, the fair, the
gay,
Their Saviour sent away;
And only cattle stood beside
The manger glorified.

And ever since that first Noel,
The rich are poor, the well
Are ill, the fair are tainted deep,
And singers needs must weep.

But we, but we, O Infant Christ,
Have we not sacrificed,
Have we not burned and burned
away
Our pride of yesterday?

Are we not poor and sad and ill?
Are we not lone and chill?
Oh, come into our midst again,
So purified by pain!

—AMBROSE NAKAO



THIS IS THE SKETCH...

THE ARCHITECTS have depicted for us the main unit of Maryknoll's new seminary, at Glen Ellyn, Ill. This establishment will train young men to become Maryknoll missionaries, to labor in foreign lands.

Frankly, we lack the funds to turn this sketch into a building. Yet we are going ahead, and we hope to have a section ready next fall. The reason is that we urgently need this training house to take care of young men who are applying to become Maryknoll missionaries. We cannot turn away those with vocations. Would you?

You may welcome the opportunity to offer a Christmas gift to the Christ Child, in the form of assistance to young men who wish to become priests. In these days of high costs, our needs are great, but any donation, large or small, will give us a "lift."

You may contribute \$1 or \$5 or \$500 or \$5,000! Or you may pledge a certain sum and pay it in monthly installments. Or you may join our Brick-a-Month Club (*write for details*).

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

As a Christmas gift to the Christ Child,

- ☐ I enclose \$ _____ toward the fund needed to build the Maryknoll seminary, Glen Ellyn, Ill.
- ☐ I enclose \$ _____ for your Brick-a-Month Club. Please send me a monthly reminder.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

MASS COMES TO THE MOUNTAINS



Beyond the perimeter of the Great Western Mountains in South China lie the sleepy, remote hamlets of Blue Cloud County. Here, like the suddenness of the wind descending from the mountain passes, a new convert movement has begun. Father Mark Tennien and his helpers are so hard put to keep up with the conversions, that few chapels have been built yet.

A PHOTO STORY by FATHER JOSEPH A. HAHN ➡



New Christians worship under the blue roof of God's own cathedral. Despite the lack of formalized surroundings, there is no lack of fervor.



The missionary travels from group to group of new Christians, by sturdy jeep. His efforts are appreciated, for the people hang on his every word.





Some day, with the help of friends, the new Christians of Blue Cloud will have a real church. Until then, the great outdoors will have to do.

AFIELD *with the* MARYKNOLL

SISTERS

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA •

CAROLINES •

PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

"Mother" Takes Care. Joe Kilkani is a leper, but he knows "Mother" does not mind his condition. His devotion to our Blessed Mother tells him so. Joe sat on the grass beside Sister Rose de Lourdes (Loftus), of New York City, and talked about "Mother."

"When I'm praying for one of us here at the hospital, I tell her, 'Now you take care of him, Mother.' And she always does. She knows me, and I know her well.

"Look at my foot, the one they're always operating on. I like to have the operations on Friday. Our Lord suffered on that day, and He offered up His pain. I do it, too. You know, Sister, I'd be glad to give my whole foot, my whole leg, or my life, if Our Lady wanted it."

Now and then, Joe is out on parole from the hospital. He gives his services to the Sisters then. We know where to find him, when we need him, on those days. He spends most of his time praying at Our Lady's altar in church, but is ready to leave for work at the first call.

— *Kalihi, Honolulu*

Fifty Days — She is a postulant at Our Lady of China Novitiate, in

Laofuheo, China. Less than three years ago, she was a bright, normal-school graduate. A non-Christian. Now, after nearly two months of Catholic convent life, she writes her impressions. Gentle, amusing, they show that the grace of vocation is the same, for Chinese and American.

"Before I entered the novitiate, people in the world knew of my intentions, and they thought them very strange. They said to me: 'Why do you want to go to the convent? There life is very hard; we dare say you will not be able to stand it.'

"Why people said these things to me, I do not know. Yet, in spite of such words, I thought within myself: 'God has greatly loved me.

Two For One

Mercedes, our cook, offered the best bargain that she could think of. Said she, "Sister, you take my two sisters instead of me. Rosa is old, but she can cook; Blanca is very young, but she can read." Mercedes planned that Blanca with the cook book would direct Rosa with the pot and ingredients.

— *Riberalta, Bolivia*

I will not, because of what people say, change my decision.' I held firmly to my intention. Whatever suffering it might hold for me, I determined that I would willingly undergo, for I felt that this was God's will for me.

"Now it seems hardly true that I have been here fifty days. Everything about convent life, I now know and almost entirely understand. However, my impressions are absolutely contrary to those that worldly people imagined they would be.

"Fifty days under the true love and guidance of my superiors — and I have already abandoned many worldly habits.

"Every day I feel that the longer I am in the convent, the happier I am. My fifty days here not only have not reduced my original desire to enter religious life, but on the contrary, they have extraordinarily strengthened my desire for eternal realities. I wish to be ever more thankful to the Lord of Heaven."

A seven-year-old boy, with a broken arm swinging loosely, was brought to the hospital today. Apparently he had been stolen from his parents, for we had a hard time getting necessary information from the man who

brought him in. The boy wished to tell his story but was obviously afraid of his companion.

In regard to his arm, the child was a little stoic, never whimpering through the painful process of the setting. When I started to cut his sweater, so as to give him a bath, he cried out that the man had bought it for him and would beat him if it were spoiled. Finally we convinced him that we would buy him another sweater. Poor little fellow! — *Sister Dominic Marie (Turner), Richmond Hill, N. Y.*

Sister Virginia Therese read a news item about a Brooklyn teacher who had to be escorted to school by detectives for fear of being shot by a vindictive pupil. "Well, our children are not too bad, after all," commented Sister. "Do you know the reason that your Jose is not in school today? He is in jail!" responded Sister Marie Estelle. Fifteen-year-old Jose had registered for school on the previous Friday. He was eager to learn and did not object to being put in the third grade. However, a policeman had found him carrying a knife, and so Jose had entered jail, instead.

— *Siuna, Nicaragua*

Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll P. O., New York

Dear Sisters:

I enclose herewith \$_____ to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

As long as possible, I will send \$_____ each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister.

Youngsters the world over are cheered by a visit from Santa Claus at Christmas time, and so the Maryknoll Sisters arranged for his coming to their party in the Children's Hospital at Maui, Hawaii.

Sister Dorothy Therese McDonald, formerly of the Bronx, receives her present during the exchange of gifts by the students at Maryknoll's Sacred Heart School in Honolulu.



Holy Night at Tungshek

A Meditation on Christmas Eve

by Henry J. Madigan

IT'S CHRISTMAS EVE, and I'm alone here at Tungshek. For the past year, I have been the only foreigner in the whole of three southern Chinese counties.

I awoke from a sound sleep and found the hands of my watch pointing to twelve midnight. Strange that I should awake at this hour. Could it be from force of habit? Could it be because I have arisen at this hour every Christmas for the past sixteen years? It's twelve o'clock — Christmas morning. Christmas morning and no reason to get up since we have no Midnight Mass here. A visit to the chapel would not be out of harmony with the time and the feast, but we do not have the Blessed Sacrament reserved.

I've spent a year in this pagan city of forty thousand souls. I am in Tungshek, released from my mission in the interior, and sent here to supervise relief work for the International Relief Organization. My present home is an abandoned, ransacked, dilapidated church. My bed is a board, with a

Chinese comforter for both mattress and cover. A simple washstand completes the furniture.

I lie here listening to the sounds of the night. The city's watchman strikes his drum, and two hollow drumbeats float through the city. *Boom! — boom!* A brief silence; then *boom! — boom!* — again and again, all through the night. That sound reminds me that the Chinese phrase for the watchman's task is "keeping the night watch." The task is not unlike the shepherds' vigil on the mountains around Bethlehem.

Many incidents in the daily life of modern Chinese are similar to Gospel narratives of the time of Christ. They flash through my mind as I lie in the dark: The blind and the beggars shouting for help when the missionary appears; the man lying wounded along the highway, as pagans and other Levites pass him by; the spotted lepers; the sick and crippled, with withered hands and broken bodies; the poor and the outcast; the crowds seeking food. I think of the similarity, and suddenly it dawns on me that Bethlehem and China are on the same continent.

It is very unlike Christmas — this dawn in this Chinese city. I arise and look through the window. Silent and empty streets. Christmas lights, bells, tinsel, music? No! Nothing but a sleeping city, where God is known to a few and unknown to thousands. Nothing but silence, punctuated by that liquid throb of the night watchman's drum — like water dripping on empty bottles. But over the city, there is a bright moon, acolyted by a myriad of stars



— clear and twinkling. Perhaps the Star of Bethlehem is among them.

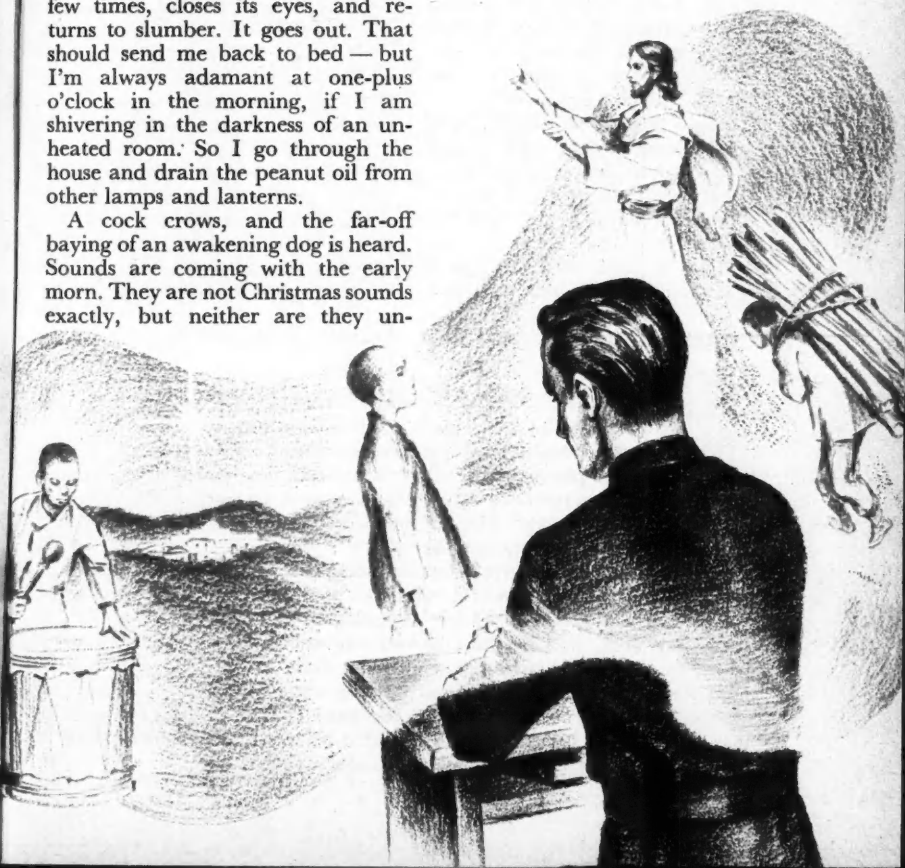
Being up and awake, I dress. Even a small light would be more suggestive of Christmas than this darkness; so I trip over my shoe laces, fumble for matches, and find a lamp. A pagan sort of thing, this lamp: it refuses to hold its flame, seems sleepy, and objects to being awakened on Christmas morning.

The lamp flickers its eyelids a few times, closes its eyes, and returns to slumber. It goes out. That should send me back to bed — but I'm always adamant at one-plus o'clock in the morning, if I am shivering in the darkness of an unheated room. So I go through the house and drain the peanut oil from other lamps and lanterns.

A cock crows, and the far-off baying of an awakening dog is heard. Sounds are coming with the early morn. They are not Christmas sounds exactly, but neither are they un-

Christmas-like. Do they signify less — or more? Dogs have been barking, cocks have been crowing, and moon and stars have been shining on watchmen as they call out in the night, here in this ageless country, since Christ was born. And though other sounds are more Christmas-like, they hardly have that historical tradition as their heritage.

The lamp is lighted, and I begin



"*Aperi Domine*," the opening prayer of Matins. The time is half-past two in the morning, and Chinese are rising to begin the day's chores. "*Hodie Christus natus est nobis*"—"Today Christ is born to us," I read, and a child's cry in the house next door breaks the stillness of night.

Now neighbors are passing the door, on their ten-mile way to the distant mountain, to cut brush for firewood. "*Hodie Christus natus est*." Today the Lord is born, but to these Chinese, Christmas is just another day; another day for them to arise at two-thirty, to trudge to the mountains, to labor and sweat.

It grows late now, nearly three o'clock. Silence comes again, with the passing of the people. The watchman has rested his drum. Then the cocks start crowing again, and the dogs start barking at the stars. Something in the stars, or in a star, moves animal life, at least. And just now I read: "O great and marvelous mystery, that ani-

mals should witness the Lord born."

So I'm still here at four o'clock. I've spent part of the first Christmas in Bethlehem, and part of that Christmas and all other Christmas Days in all parts of the world. Truly a marvelous meditation! The front door opens with a crash. The congee cook has come, and the city moves in its beds as the hour of distribution approaches. Congee for the poor is their daily bread. And as I glance through the last lesson of Matins, before preparing for Mass, I read, "Bethlehem means house of bread." "I am the living bread that has come down from heaven," is added. The pagans and the poor will come this morning for their daily bread. But we cannot yet give them that Bread which came down from heaven. We give them rice, which came up from the earth. From that earthly bread given in charity, may these Chinese some day develop a hunger for, and satisfaction from, the heavenly Bread of Life.



GOD AND THE PILL BOTTLE

The distribution of medicines in villages near Canton continues to develop, several more towns having been added to our list. Each place is visited once in two weeks now, instead of weekly.

This is sufficient to take care of most of the cases we treat, such as malaria, anemia, worms in children (practically 100% have them), ulcers, eye troubles, itch, and the like.

We are now visiting twelve places, including two poor sections in Honam City. The extension of the field will make us more widely known and it will increase the opportunities for conversions. From long experience with dispensary work, we have come to two conclusions: (1) it should always be carried on as a means to show love and make contacts, and never be permitted to become an end in itself; (2) the missionary himself should take an active part, and not leave the work to a nurse or catechist alone, because, it is especially his personal devotedness that makes an impression in favor of religion.—*Father Bernard F. Meyer, Honam, China.*

What Is My Name?

Through the camera's magic eye, the likenesses of the following great figures of modern Church history are recorded. How many can you identify? The names are at bottom of this page.

1. Beheaded in a Pagan Land



When still a lad, I expressed the desire to be a martyr. Not long after ordination, this desire was granted when I was beheaded in Indo-China. I am very popular with Maryknollers. Bishop J. A. Walsh, the Maryknoll co-founder, wrote my story.

2. I Fell Asleep in Chapel



I wanted to be a foreign missionary in China, but for reasons of health I had to stay at home. I used to fall asleep in chapel. I worked in a laundry. Once I saw the Pope, and I spoke right up to him. All of my sisters entered convents. I died when very young.

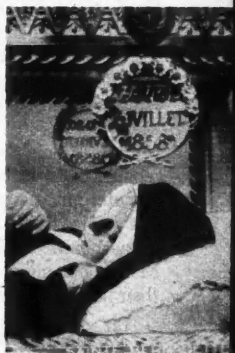
3. I Am a Unique American



I was a missionary, and my field was America. My work took me all over the United States. I founded a religious community and became a citizen of the United States. I am the first citizen of the United States to be canonized.

4. Recipient of a Rare Honor

Father Thomas F. Price, Maryknoll co-founder, made me known to the American people. His heart is now buried beside my body in France. I had little education, since my family was poor, but a rare and great honor was bestowed on me.



Answers: 1. Bl. Theophane Venard; 2. St. Therese (Little Flower); 3. St. Francis Cabrini; 4. St. Bernadette of Lourdes.

Maryknoll Want Ads

Father Meyer has opened a second mission parish in Honam, China. He lacks altar, vestments and all other chapel furnishings, including benches. The altar will cost \$250; the vestments and other furnishings, \$300; the benches, \$200. After 30 years in China, this missionary walks more slowly than he used to! A bicycle to help him get around quickly will cost \$60. And if he could have \$100 to purchase a pump, he could get running water into his primitive house.

There Is Great Need of Catholic Action in China, so that the laity may make up for the scarcity of priests, by instructing catechumens and converts. Father Meyer is now printing in Chinese a workbook of Catholic Action, to help in the training of Catholic Action leaders. The cost will be \$600 for an edition of 5,000 copies.

Heal the Sick! Our Lord did. Maryknoll dispensaries in many lands give aid and comfort to thousands of miserable human beings. A needed dispensary can be established in Africa for \$500.

Money Makes the Motor Go! Gasoline, repairs, oil — in South America, as here, a motor must have fuel and lubrication and service, to do its work. \$500 will keep an outboard running for a year, to carry Maryknoll missionaries to the homes of their jungle Indians in Bolivia.

Two Portable Phonographs will help Father Lynch to draw his Chinese village neighbors to his church yard and make friends of them. Each machine costs \$30.

Hunger Hurts and it's not easy for Father Edwin McCabe, of Laipo, to refuse to satisfy the outstretched hands holding empty rice bowls, when his food supply has run out. He needs \$50 a month to buy rice that will help cure the hunger pangs of starving Chinese.

Some Day we shall have the money to build a chapel for the Maryknoll Center and major Seminary. We shall be grateful for any gift, large or small, for this dream chapel.

Assembly Lines are necessary for making trucks. To bring Christ in His sacraments to the many souls in Father Fred Walker's new mission in Chile, a small truck is urgently needed. Your gift of \$2, \$5, any amount, will put you on the assembly line for the truck in which Christ will ride.

They, too, Have Vocations. They, too, pray. They, too, dedicate themselves to religious life. Chinese girls make zealous and energetic Sisters. But to work, they must eat, and \$15 a month is needed for the support of each Chinese Sister.

The Secret Terror in many hearts is to be old and without means. This has happened to many thousands of aged Chinese, made homeless by circumstances. Help Maryknoll help them: \$5 cares for one for a month!





A Christmas Suggestion

YOU MAY WISH to have a part in helping a young man to become a Maryknoll priest.

In the United States, Maryknoll is training hundreds of American seminarians (in our minor and major seminaries) for the missions in China, Manchuria, Japan, Korea, Guatemala, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, the Hawaiian Islands, and Africa. Since it costs more than a dollar a day to house, feed and educate each seminarian, the bill runs high!

We are looking for benefactors who wish to have a share in helping a young man who lacks sufficient funds to pay the cost of his training for the priesthood (\$425 a year). This charity may appeal to you.

Or perhaps you would like to donate a student's room as a memorial in a Maryknoll seminary. A plaque bearing the inscription you wish, will be placed on the door to remind the student to pray for your dear one. The offering for a room is \$500.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.



MARY HAD A LITTLE—guess what! This Mary has a newborn goat. She's not too cheerful, is she? Perhaps her village has no Padre for Christmas. But most Latin-American villages are like that, Mary.

